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THE LAST HOURS OF WILLIAM PENN.

"BEFORE I shall conclude this head, I should inform thee concerning the origin of the doctrine of the Trinity. Thou mayst assure thyself it is not from the Scriptures nor reason, since so expressly repugnant. Know then, my friend, it was born above three hundred years after the ancient gospel was declared. It was conceived in ignorance, brought forth and maintained by cruelty, and has continued through all the Romish generations. Be therefore cautioned not to embrace the determination of prejudiced COUNCILS for evangelical doctrine. If God, as the Scriptures testify, hath never been declared or believed but as the HOLY ONE, then it will follow that God is not a holy three." In this way did Penn refute the doctrine of the Trinity; and on the popular doctrine of atonement and imputed righteousness he wrote—"Let me advise, nay warn thee, reader, by no means to admit this principle, by whomsoever recommended; since it does not only divest the glorious God of his sovereign power both to pardon and punish, but as certainly insinuates a licentiousness, at least a liberty, that unbecomes the ancient gospel once preached among the primitive saints, and that from an apprehension of a satisfaction once paid for all." Penn was one of the most distinguished members of the Society of Friends, although he held and vindicated these Unitarian views. There was no Unitarian society in his day. The government of England stood largely indebted to his family, and he might have been, as the King intended that honour, a peer of the realm. For the sake of truth and a good conscience he was willing to sacrifice all. His founding the State of Pennsylvania and his treaty with the Indians are among the most in-

structive incidents of history. In his life everywhere, from the courts of kings and princes to the encampments of savages, we find him overcoming evil by good, and disarming human violence and ferocity by gentleness, patience and piety. He was one of the best exemplars of a true Christian. Cheerfulness and sincerity always characterized his piety. Three great principles controlled his mind and cheered his heart—reverence for God, love for man, and confidence in freedom.

After a life full of stirring events and immense activity, he felt his health declining at the age of sixty-five. Cares and reverses had worn upon his good constitution: he had been a man of remarkable strength and vigour. He removed from London near to Reading for a change of air. He had three successive attacks of apopleptic fits, which seriously impaired his memory. It was very affecting to see the good old man, upwards of seventy years of age, coming out to his religious meeting on the Sunday, borne down by age and infirmity. His last love shewed itself strongly in his attendance at these meetings. "My love is with you: the Lord preserve you, and remember me in the everlasting covenant"—were his memorable words. When he could no longer speak the names of those with whom he had shared the pleasures of these meetings, he looked upon their faces and remembered them, and felt a comfort from the sight of their countenances. To the last of his eventful life, in every moment of consciousness, he enjoyed the peace he had proclaimed and lived, the grand unbroken serenity of mind with which a Christian descends to the valley and shadow of death. In the midst of dearly-attached friends and the comforts of religion, with a peaceful conscience, he expired on the 30th of July, 1718, in the 74th year of his age.

A ROMANCE OF THE CITY.

BY BEATRICE A. JOURDAN.

(Originally published in Pawsey's Ladies' Pocket-book.)

ONE afternoon, rather more than a hundred years ago, a young man and woman, evidently strangers to London, alighted from a stage-coach which had just arrived at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. Glancing around them with a half-pleased, half-bewildered air, they left the noisy inn-yard and proceeded towards the city, stopping occasionally on their way to inquire for lodgings.

These young people, whose names were Richard and Mary Irving, were the children of a respectable bookseller at Bath, who had died a few months before, leaving behind him a small though thriving business, which his son might have carried on most advantageously. Richard, however, thought it quite beneath him to stand behind a counter, for he was, or fancied himself, a poetical genius. He had written in heroic verse a ponderous tragedy, which, in his own estimation at least, was superior to *Coriolanus* or *Julius Cæsar*; and feeling convinced that this wonderful composition would create a vast sensation on the London stage, he had hastily disposed of his father's effects, and was now come to the Metropolis in eager quest of fortune and of fame.

His sister, whom he had condescendingly permitted to accompany him, was a very pretty, modest-looking girl, with delicate features, and an expression of gentle melancholy in her large soft eyes. Clinging to her brother's arm, she made her way through the crowded streets with all the blushing timidity of a true country lass. The shops, the churches, the various public buildings, did not fail, however, to excite her interest and admiration. She shuddered at the traitors' heads on Temple Bar; she gazed in speechless awe at St. Paul's Cathedral; and stood on tip-toe in the midst of a mob, in order to catch sight of the Lord Mayor's state-coach, which happened to be passing along Ludgate Hill. To this latter object Richard bowed profoundly, imagining, not unnaturally, that the rather stout and red-faced gentleman who sat enframed in so much gilding,

could be no other than King George himself. The laughter of some men behind him apprized him of his mistake, and he put on his hat again rather hurriedly, exclaiming, loud enough, he hoped, for the by-standers to hear, "Ah well, I thought it couldn't be his Majesty, Mary: I was just going to tell you so, only you would press forward so eagerly. For my part, I don't care whether I see the King to-day or not; I'm sure to see him some time or other before long."

"See him—how and when?" asked Mary, as they walked on together.

"Why, when my '*Andromache*' is brought out, of course, child! The King (though, between you and me, I think but meanly of his taste) will hear it talked about, and so he'll be obliged to come and see it, and then most likely some great nobleman or other will be sent after me, and will conduct me to the royal box, and the King will speak to me, and perhaps give me a diamond snuff-box or something of that kind, as a token of his favour."

"You think so?" said his sister, rather doubtfully. "Well, I hope it may be so, I am sure, for your sake, dear Dick. I had no idea," she added presently, sighing deeply as she spoke, "that the Lord Mayor's coach was so very fine."

"Hadn't you? What then? You needn't sigh about it any how, as far as I can see," laughed Richard. "I'm glad we met it, for we know now what sort of coach Mr.—Mr. What's-his-name?—will ride in when he comes to be Lord Mayor."

"Mr. What's-his-name?" repeated Mary in a low tone.

"Why, that young alderman, you know, the brother to the gentleman in the deep decline who lodged with us last autumn. Why, Molly, you haven't forgotten them surely, when they were two months in our house! My poor father used to say they were the best lodgers he ever had, and I believe they were well-meaning people, though with regard to poetry their souls were dead, absolutely dead."

"Dead to poetry!" cried Mary indignantly; "why it was Alderman Fordyce who first taught me to admire Shakespeare."

"Very possibly, my dear child; but know for a fact that he was quite incapable of appreciating poetry—poetry of the highest kind I mean—and had little taste for heroic verse. So you did know whom I meant, it seems. I fancied from your manner that you had quite forgotten Mr. Fordyce."

"Did you?" said Mary; adding mentally, "Forgotten! ah, would I could forget!—forget him as completely as he seems to have forgotten me!"

And the poor girl's mind wandered back to old conversations and scenes in which Mr. Fordyce had taken a prominent part. She recalled his words, his looks, and remembered how she used herself to listen to and watch him with silent, respectful, unacknowledged admiration. He had taken no apparent pains to gain her affection; but on the last day of his stay at Bath, just as he was about to follow his invalid brother to the post-chaise which was to convey them both to London, he turned to her, as if by an irresistible impulse, and said, "Mary, may I come back by and by to claim you for my wife?" He was so greatly her superior in wisdom, wealth and station, that though she already loved him more than tongue could tell, she did not believe him to be in earnest. In some displeasure, therefore, she answered, "It is wrong, very wrong, sir, to ask me this;" but he rejoined eagerly, "Why so, Mary? I have told your father. Think again, dearest, and make me happy. I will write in a few days." There was no time for more words; in another instant he was seated in the post-chaise, waving his hand to her as he drove away. She was still standing on the door-step looking after him, when a loud cry from Richard recalled her to the house, and she found that her father had fallen from his chair, stricken with paralysis. From that attack he never rallied so as to recover more than a partial consciousness. Speech and memory had alike forsaken him, and he died without mentioning Mr. Fordyce's name, or seeming even to recognize his own daughter.

For three weary months did Mary wait, in sickening anxiety, for her lover's promised letter; but it never came, and she was obliged at last to conclude he

had changed his mind. She could not excuse his fickleness, but bore her heavy disappointment with such patient fortitude, that her brother did not in the least suspect she was suffering at all.

Richard, however, it must be confessed, was very much occupied with his own concerns, and very little able to think of anything else. His arrival in London excited him to an intense degree, filling him with the most extravagant hopes respecting his tragedy. In vain did his sister endeavour to calm him; she only succeeded in making him angry, and was obliged to acquiesce in silent distress when he insisted on taking lodgings that were far beyond their present means. One remonstrance, only one, she ventured on. "These rooms are very expensive," said she; "don't you think, dear Dick, you had better content yourself with humbler ones just now, until you've got yourself a name?"

His reply was prompt and irritable. "These rooms expensive! Nonsense, Molly! You'll soon see it won't do for me to fix myself in any out-of-the-way hole. Very pretty that would be, when Marquises and Dukes, most likely, will before long be driving up to my door. I love retirement as much as any one, but shall not be able to enjoy it, I am afraid. A poet must pay some penalties for being what he is!"

Perhaps Richard might not have found the penalties attached to honourable fame so heavy as he professed to imagine them, but he had no opportunity afforded him of testing their weight. His wonderful "Andromache" remained most obstinately on hand. Neither stage-manager nor publisher could be induced to do more than decline it "with thanks;" and when, after innumerable exertions and delays, he succeeded in bringing it before the eye of a well-known patron of belles-lettres, the latter promptly returned it to him, intimating that in his opinion the plot could only be equalled in poverty by the poetry.

The poor young poet became almost maddened by mortification and disappointment. He even turned against his gentle, patient, loving sister, reproached her with being a burden to him, and, engaging a wretched lodging for her in Houndsditch, left her to support herself

by her needle. From time to time he came to see her, and brought her money—occasionally as a gift, but generally that she might make some purchase for him, or get it turned into smaller change at the little shops where she dealt. He declared that he was obliged to trouble her, for he had not a moment of time to spare himself; and though this statement did not quite tally with his apparent leisure, Mary fully believed him. She saw, however, that he was looking worn and haggard and wretched, and frequently asked him whether he felt ill; but he always replied there was nothing whatever the matter with him, and that he was doing well now as compositor to a printer.

One day, in an impulse as it seemed of generosity, he gave her a crown-piece, desiring her to do what she liked with it. She kept it by her a whole month, and then, being really in want of bread, went to the nearest baker's and handed it across the counter in payment for a loaf. The baker eyed her suspiciously, and said he had no change to give her, but that he would run out and fetch it if she would sit down and wait. She complied unhesitatingly, but he was so long gone as to excite in her a vague feeling of uneasiness; and when at length he returned, he was accompanied by a constable. Then the truth flashed on the terrified girl at once—her brother had been employing her to pass base coin!

She was conveyed to Newgate, suffering a degree of anguish beyond all power of description. The thought of Richard's crime distressed her even more than the dreadful circumstances in which she was placed; but she remembered that he, though guilty, was her brother still, and determined to do nothing that might tend to criminate him. Adhering to this resolution, she refused, both at her examination and subsequent trial, to relate her past history or even to tell her surname, which the ignorant woman with whom she lodged declared to be Ivans or Evans; stating, moreover, that, though her lodger had appeared a very quiet, well-conducted young woman, she had always shewn a remarkable reserve with regard to her friends and relations.

Mary Evans was accordingly set down

as a desperate character; and after a short and rather hurried trial, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge, without the least hesitation, sentenced her to death—a sentence no one thought too severe in those "good old times." The poor young prisoner did not faint or betray any extraordinary emotion when she heard her doom; over-excitement and suffering had tended to cloud her mind, and she was carried back to prison in a state bordering on stupor. She tried afterwards to rouse herself so as to prepare for death; she tried to think of the Everlasting Arms that were around her still even in her narrow cell; she tried to dwell upon that brighter world where her innocence would assuredly be known; but her senses were bewildered, and she would sit for days together on her bed of straw with her head resting listlessly on her hand.

In this despondent attitude she was found by the Sheriff when he came one morning to inform her that on the following Monday she was to die. He was a humane man, new as yet to the painful duties of his office, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but at the first sound of those familiar tones Mary started up, a sudden light flashing into her eyes. "Save me, Mr. Fordyce, save me!" she cried.

"Who is it?" he exclaimed, startled and bewildered. "What, Mary—Mary Irving, is it you?"

"Yes, yes! save me! don't let them hang me—don't, for pity's sake!"—and she threw herself on her knees before him, holding up her thin hands beseechingly.

"You!" he gasped—"you—you here, and I—"

It was all that he could utter, for in the overpowering agony of the moment the strong man fainted away.

A few hours later, Mr. Fordyce sat in his study, with his head buried in his arms, trying to realize the terrible fact that the obstinate criminal, Mary Evans (whose trial he had been prevented by domestic affliction from attending), was no other than the sweet, pure-minded Molly Irving,—his Molly, as he had often called her mentally. Could it be that he had gone that day to doom her to death? and that on the following

Monday he should be compelled—yes, compelled by his office—to witness her execution? It seemed too dreadful to be true! He felt as if he must wake up and find it all a frightful dream.

Suddenly the door of his study opened, and a friend came in.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed the latter, as Mr. Fordyce looked up impatiently, "what is the matter with you? How wretchedly pale you are! Of course you must feel your brother's death very much, so devoted as you were to him. Still, you know, it's your duty not to give way. I'm afraid I'm not very welcome, and shouldn't have intruded if I hadn't had something rather curious to tell you."

"Take a chair," said the Sheriff, pushing one towards him mechanically. "Well, what have you got to say?"—and the mere exertion of speaking was so painful to him that he almost moaned.

"Oh! it's not very much—only this," returned his friend briskly: "the body of a murdered man, buried hastily in his clothes, has been found at Whitechapel, in a house which was inhabited by a gang of coiners. It's thought they murdered the poor young fellow, fearing lest he should betray them; for in his pocket was found an unfinished letter, addressed to his sweetheart apparently, in which he professes his intention to give himself up to justice. I am engaged for the prosecution and saw the letter, which, though rather highflown, is very pathetic. The poor man seems to have been so maddened by remorse, that life had become intolerable to him. His only anxiety appears to have been about the fate of this Molly, the girl to whom he writes. He says——"

"How long is it supposed to have been since this young man was murdered?" interrupted Mr. Fordyce, with sudden interest in his look and tone.

"About five or six weeks. The most singular part of the letter is, that your name—the name at least of Alderman Fordyce—is mentioned in it. Now, can you afford us any clue as to who the man was? He advises his 'poor Molly' to apply to Mr. Alderman Fordyce for money to enable her to return to Bath."

"Is there anything to indicate," asked the Sheriff in a strange hollow voice,

"that—that she was in any way implicated in his guilt?"

"Not knowingly—certainly not. He confesses in his letter that he has been employing her to utter false coin, but begs her in the most touching terms to forgive him for doing so, saying he knows she would rather have died a hundred times than have wilfully passed one false penny. It often smote him to the heart, he declares, to see how entirely deceived she was as to the way in which he got his money."

Mr. Fordyce again bowed his head upon his hands. "Thank God!" he murmured: "if she is innocent, anything is endurable. But," he continued, turning towards his astonished friend, "we must have evidence—evidence! Mine would not be sufficient to prove that—— Is the letter signed?"

"No, it is not. But the initials R. I. are on the torn title-page of a manuscript play which was also found in the murdered man's pocket."

"And the name of that play was 'Andromache'?"

"Quite right, Fordyce! You knew the man well, it seems? But why on earth, my good fellow, do you look so——?"

"I'll explain to you everything by and by; but first we must see what can be done. That murdered man was brother to—to the Mary Evans, as she is called, who——"

"What, the pretty girl who is to be hanged on Monday?"

"Don't say so! Hanged! never—never, if human efforts can avail to save her!"

"But, Fordyce, you are agitated! take a little time to think. What do you purpose doing in this matter?"

"Anything—everything. I will rest neither day nor night until I have proved her innocence."

Mr. Fordyce stood up as he spoke, and looked again a strong, self-possessed and courageous man. The case admitted of no delay; but his exertions were immense, and they resulted first in a reprieve, and eventually in Mary's complete acquittal from all conscious participation in her brother's crime, so entirely did his letter and the testimony of one of the less guilty of his associates

exonerate her from blame and suspicion. Her motives for the silence she had maintained were now appreciated, and the self-sacrificing sister became exalted into the heroine of the day.

On her release from Newgate, she was received into the house of a married sister of the Sheriff's, and there was nursed and tended until her mind recovered its tone. She could not but mourn very deeply for her brother, but the poignancy of her grief was lightened by the thought of his penitence, and she was content to entrust him to a Higher Judgment than that of man.

As for Mr. Fordyce, she had the supreme satisfaction of discovering that he had always remained true to her; that he had written to her repeatedly; and that at length, on receiving no answer to his letters (which through some treachery on the part of the Bath post-mistress had never reached her), he had gone down to her native place to see her, but had found that she had quitted it, and had been unable to trace her any further.

And now, in return for having saved her life, the Sheriff asked but one thing—that she would give him her hand. He did not care what the world might say to his choice; she was his own Mary—his equal, and more than equal, in all essential points, and he would think, he declared, of no other woman for his wife. On her part, however, there was a long period of doubt and hesitation; she fancied herself unworthy of one so wise, so noble and so high in the world's esteem; but at length she consented to make him happy; and though she never could be persuaded to mingle much in society, yet all who really knew her, loved the citizen's gentle wife, while the poor, the struggling and the penitent, found in her an unfailing friend.

THE PEARL.

THE beauty of the parable of the "Pearl," or, as Christ calls it, the "Pearl of great price," cannot be fully enjoyed unless we are aware of the great value that was set on those costly jewels by the ancients—the Jews, the Romans and the Persians.

In St. Matthew xiii. 45, 46, we read that Christ compares the kingdom of heaven like unto a merchantman (or tra-

velling jeweller) seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it.

My object now is to give a description of the wonderful formation of "pearls" where they are to be found, and the great danger those are in who are employed in procuring them for our use. Pearls are supposed to be a calculous concretion in the body of the oyster, accidentally produced from the same substance as goes to form the shell of the fish. This substance is soft at first, but quickly hardens, and thus by successive coats, layer after layer, the pearl acquires its dimensions. If cut through, it will be found to consist of several coats like an onion, and sometimes a small speck is discovered on which the coats were originally formed. This speck is supposed to be a grain of sand accidentally introduced into the shell, which, to prevent irritation, the oyster covers with a gelatinous, jelly-like fluid, that grows harder and harder, and when properly formed is of stony hardness. Yet pearls have been known to decay, mouldering into a substance little harder than chalk, shewing them to be composed of calcareous or chalky matter. An instance of this decay is related in the following anecdote. "When the daughters of Hileion who were betrothed to Honorius were buried in Rome, much of their jewels and finery were deposited with them, and remained for eleven hundred years until the foundation of St. Peter was laid, when their tomb was found, and all their finery in tolerable preservation, excepting the pearls, which by time and damp were reduced to a chalky powder."

The principal pearl fisheries are in the Persian Gulf, on the shores of Japan and the Ceylon coast. The latter place in particular yields great produce, and in a successful season the revenue derived from it is nearly two hundred thousand pounds.

In order to secure a succession of pearls, the oyster beds are divided into seven parts, each bank being fished in one year, thus leaving the oysters in each division to come to their full growth. The season for fishing the pearls commences in February and continues until the middle of April.

At sunrise a fleet of boats set sail for

the oyster banks, each boat having a crew of twenty men, ten of whom are divers, and the other ten are employed in rowing and pulling up the divers when they give the signal. Each diver has a rope attached to the toes of one foot, with a heavy stone tied to it to accelerate his descent. With the toes of the other foot he carries a network bag, in which to put the oysters; in his right hand he holds another rope, to make signals with to those in the boat. As soon as he reaches the bottom he grasps all the most promising oysters, and when feeling exhausted makes the signal to be pulled up again.

The unfortunate people who are destined to fish for pearls are generally negroes, or some of the poorest of the natives of Persia, from whom are selected the most robust and healthy young men. From the time they commence this trying work, their days on earth seem numbered; for they soon fall a prey to consumption, and seldom survive it more than five or six years.

The generality of divers cannot remain under the water above two minutes, though some have remained five; but the pressure of air on their lungs when going to the bottom is so great, that many, when they reach the surface, spout blood from their mouth and nostrils. Strange to say, even this suffering does not repel them from proceeding. So intent are they on the work, that many will dive forty or fifty times in the few hours they are fishing. The diving ceases at noon, when alterations in the tide prevent their proceeding. The owners of the oyster banks generally pay their divers certain wages, but some make an agreement to give them one-third of the produce.

The oysters, when brought to shore, are laid out in enclosures and left to putrefy, as great force is required to open them when in a living state, which, if done, would probably cause much injury to the pearls. When putrefaction is sufficiently advanced, they are opened and carefully examined.

The people employed for this work are guilty of great sleight of hand, for they endeavour to secure to themselves some of the finest of the pearls by swallowing them. When such fraud is sus-

pected, the delinquents are placed in confinement and drenched with emetics.

The pearl trade may by some be considered a lucrative business, but in reality it is very different, as the expenses attending the fishing are enormous, and the precarious state it places the lives of those employed in it passes description. Notwithstanding all this, pearls are sought after by persons of all ranks, and in countries of antiquity obtained the preference over all other ornaments worn about the person. The Jewish ladies are known to have set a high value on pearls, and the rage increased greatly with their connection with the Romans.

Julius Cæsar endeavoured to check this growing extravagance by confining their use to persons of a certain age and rank; but the love of fashion and display was too great to be restrained by his law. The public taste for the profuse display of pearls continued to increase; from Rome it spread to the provinces, and persons of all ranks bought them with avidity; the wives and daughters of tradesmen decorated themselves with these costly gems, and were ready to part with their whole fortune to gratify their vanity. The vast sums that were laid out in pearls by persons of rank almost exceeds belief. Julius Cæsar is said to have presented Servetia, the mother of Brutus, with one worth £48,457. The splendid pearl earrings of Cleopatra were valued at £161,458. Lollia Paulinus, one of the celebrated beauties in the reign of Tiberius, wore two pearls of such immense value, that historians describe her as carrying a whole estate in her ears. The King of Persia had a pear-shaped one so large and pure, that it was valued at £100,000. The largest round pearl was in the possession of the Great Mogul, and was two-thirds of an inch in diameter. A pear-shaped one has also been found an inch across and one inch and a half in length. Round pearls are generally admired the most, but are inferior both in size and value to the oval or pear-shaped ones. The value consists a great deal in their different hues; some are of a delicate blue enamel, some of a yellowish cast. The ones most coveted in India at the present day are like those found in ancient Palestine, which according to the best authorities were slightly

tinged with red. The polish in pearls is not natural, but produced by the use of pearl-dust: thus what necessarily comes from one pearl when it is rounded and polished, is used to round and polish others.

Now let us compare these pearls, which decorated princes and ladies (beautiful, indeed, as a natural production, and as a lovely proof of the glorious and never-ending works of God even in the hidden deep), with the "pearl of great price" which our Lord and Master besought all his followers to wear. Let us ask ourselves what the "pearl of great price" is, and where it is to be found.

The "pearl of great price" is nought but the decoration of our hearts and lives with all that is pure and good. It is no outward adorning of our mortal bodies, but the inward robing of our hearts, the meek and quiet spirit which will shed a lustre over our every-day walk and conversation, will brighten as our years increase, and shine beyond the grave.

Peter says, "Let not your adorning be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Now where is the "pearl of great price" to be found? In every sincere Christian who endeavours to do the will of God.

It is often seen in the lonely cot, where wealth entereth not, but where contentment dwells, with that best of all graces, "love to God and man." Its beauty nobly adorns the manly grace of the devoted husband and the affectionate and upright father; it is found in the self-forgetting acts of the loving wife and the tender mother. "It sparkles in the eye of the child who forgets its own wishes in obedience to its parent, or in kindly conduct to its playfellow." It shines brightly on the silver locks of the aged who have lived true and holy lives, and with cheerful resignation are waiting the Divine mandate to enter into rest and dwell in the bright Fatherland. These are the purest and best of all pearls, and they are pearls we may all wear if we try, by daily walking in the footsteps of him who was without spot and blemish.

D. P.

EUROPE.

EDUCATIONAL AND RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.

It is an interesting fact that there are everywhere signs of better life. Education and free religion keep steps with each other, and all other useful changes and important political and social reforms are sure with the advancing tide of knowledge and a free Christianity. In our own country, during the past five-and-twenty years, some of the most important social and moral questions of the day have made great progress, and one of the leading causes certainly is, the better education of the people and their greater freedom from State establishments. The State Church has discovered itself, compared with Dissenters, in a minority among the people; and the Registrar shews that, in 1841, of the number of male persons married, 32 per cent. could not sign their names—this is now reduced to 23; and of females, 48 per cent. in 1841 could not write—this was reduced to 28 in 1862.

We propose in this article to place before our readers a few statistics which shew the relative positions of religion and education in other countries. Prussia is at present attracting the notice of the world, and reformers generally are glad at her recent success. She is regarded as a great Protestant power on the continent, able to defend the cause of free religion against all the powers and machinations of the Roman Catholic Church. The half of her twenty millions of people are Protestants, and we are informed our Unitarian theology gains ground rapidly among her citizens. Her people are well educated, and in Germany the majority of the states rejoice that the dominancy of Austria and her priests is gone for ever. Since the time of Luther, the Germans have been regarded as a thoughtful people, initiating many valuable reforms, and the authors of the most useful works on science and religion. The superstitions of the Roman Catholic Church have received many rebukes among them, and now they seem ordained to reduce its political influence on the continent more and more. In Bavaria, with its three millions of Roman Catholics against one million of Protestants, we were not prepared to hear, as it

is told us in the *Statesmen's Year Book*, "that there are 325,077 Unitarians." Throughout the states of Germany and in Holland we have frequently heard of the progress that our views are making, and the more liberal, rational and simple form in which religion is taught. Protestantism is gaining ascendancy over Catholicism, and the late war has proved a serious disaster to the Pope and his party there. The education of the Germans is more general and efficient than among other Europeans. This is the cause of the decline of superstition. In Wurtemberg there are one million of Protestants to half that number of Catholics; and it was ascertained that there was not an individual in the kingdom above ten years of age unable to read and write. In Hanover there are seven Protestants for every Catholic; and in Saxony there are fifty Protestants for every Catholic. We are aware that there are states in Germany, where education prevails, very Catholic; but the fact is patent that in well-educated Germany Roman Catholicism is on the decrease. In Holstein, out of a population of half a million, only 950 are Catholic. The case is different in Luxemburg, with its 400,000 inhabitants; only 5000 of them are Protestants. A careful study of the educational and religious condition of the whole of the German states inspires the reformer with great hope for progress in these departments of life. Prussia is properly a Protestant power, although it numbers several millions of Catholics among its people. Its system of public education is the best on the continent. Every child must attend school from five years of age till the clergyman of the parish affirms it has acquired a satisfactory education. The same may be said of Holland: the people are well educated; their religious differences are strongly marked at present through their freedom; and we have heard it stated that in Holland there are not less than twelve hundred churches Unitarian in their theology. Religious sects abound there above every other continental nation. Education is well conducted and very generally diffused among the people. In Switzerland the population is equally divided between Catholic and Protestant. All sects are tolerated in that country but

the Jesuit order. The rich and the poor are educated together, and every child from the age of five to eight years must attend school. The parents are punished if they keep their children at home. In Sweden, 71 per cent. of all the children have passed through the public schools. The religion of the people is Lutheranism. Out of a population of four millions, there are less than a thousand Catholics. The whole population, or nearly so, of Norway belong to the Lutheran Church: all sects of religionists are tolerated but the Jews. A Jew is only allowed to remain in Norway for a few days. Abraham and David would fare ill there. The State Church is triumphant, and the education of the people at a low ebb. The established religion of Denmark is Lutheran, and education is generally diffused. Children are obliged to attend school from the age of seven to fourteen.

The population of France consists of about thirty-five millions of Roman Catholics and two millions of Protestants and others. The Catholic Church receives from the State about £2,000,000 per annum, and the Protestant about £60,000. The Jews are aided as well. Public education has made great progress during the present century. The schools are almost as popular as in England. In Belgium the population is nearly all Roman Catholic. There are not more than 13,000 Protestants in that country. The state of education in Belgium may be seen from the following figures of the young men drawn by conscription in 1859. There were 13,933 that could neither read nor write; 3211 able to read only; 11,266 able to read and write; and 14,467 of superior education. The State religion of Austria is Roman Catholic, of which there are about 24,000,000 of the people; about 7,000,000 belong to the Greek Church; the Jews exceed one million; the Protestant sects number about three millions, and of these fifty thousand are Unitarians in Transylvania. In some parts of the Austrian empire the people are well educated; in other states they are in great ignorance.

Religion and education in Russia are an interesting study. It is calculated there are 56,000,000 of the people belonging to the Greek Church; 6,500,000 of the Roman Catholic faith; 4,000,000

of people are Protestants; and the Jews number 2,000,000. Under the domain of Russia it has been calculated there are not less than seventy different religious sects, Christian, Heathen and Mohammedan. Education is in a very backward state among the great mass of the people. There is about one pupil at school for every seventy-seven of the inhabitants. The government votes only half a million of money for public instruction, and discourages all private tuition by excluding every person from public office who has not been educated in the public school. The same form of religion exists in Greece as in Russia. Although all religions are tolerated, nine-tenths of the people belong to the Greek Church. In a former number of the *Christian Freeman*, we have shewn its difference from the Roman Catholic. Education is now beginning to make some progress in Greece. In Turkey, including Asia as well as Europe, there are about 21,000,000 Mussulmans, 13,000,000 Greeks and Armenians, 1,000,000 of Roman Catholics, 150,000 Jews, and 300,000 other sects. We may just remind our readers that there are 10,000,000 of the population in Europe of the Greek Church against 4,500,000 of the Mohammedan faith, and this simple fact explains many of the troubles of Turkey. Education of a limited kind is encouraged among the Turks. They have many valuable sentiments upon the matter: "The ink of the learned and the blood of the martyrs are of equal value in the sight of Heaven;" and again, that the world subsists by four principles, namely, "the science of the learned, the justice of princes, the prayers of the faithful, and the valour of the brave." The Turks are like many other people who do not make their beautiful sentiments a reality of their every-day life. Sound and liberal education is not general in Turkey.

For a moment or two let us refer to some of the decidedly Roman Catholic countries of Europe, and we find that in Spain the people are in a state of extreme ignorance, with 200,000 Church functionaries over them. Of the population, 49 out of 50 are Roman Catholic. At the beginning of the present century it was rare to find a workman that could read and write, and among women it was

held to be immoral to read or write. During the present century some progress has been made towards a better state. Portugal is in a very similar position to Spain. Among a population of 4,000,000, it was found there were 500 Protestants, and only one scholar to every 36 of the inhabitants. In Italy, where it has been an ordination for many centuries, "the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion is the sole religion," we find amazing ignorance and priestcraft. We have heard an Italian say that not one in twenty of the people could read or write. Recently it was found that there were 3094 parishes with not a single school, and 920 other parishes in which the instructors were devoid of elementary knowledge. A most happy change is now in progress; the power and authority of the priests are melting away, and schools are being established and general education promoted by the new government of Italy. In the Papal States, where things remain as of old, there is no education for the people. The only hope is a speedy riddance of the Pope and the extinction of ecclesiastical authority, after which every good institution will probably flourish. The priests and popular ignorance abound everywhere. It will be a sad day for our country if ever priestism should again abound among us. So much time is taken up with decorations, architecture, paintings, dresses, incense, church music and other ceremonies and forms of show, that substantial knowledge and pure religion have at last to go uncared for and forgotten. All that can be done to retain simplicity of form and doctrine in our religious services will the more enable us to attend to and value the substantial mental, social, moral and religious life of ourselves and our people.

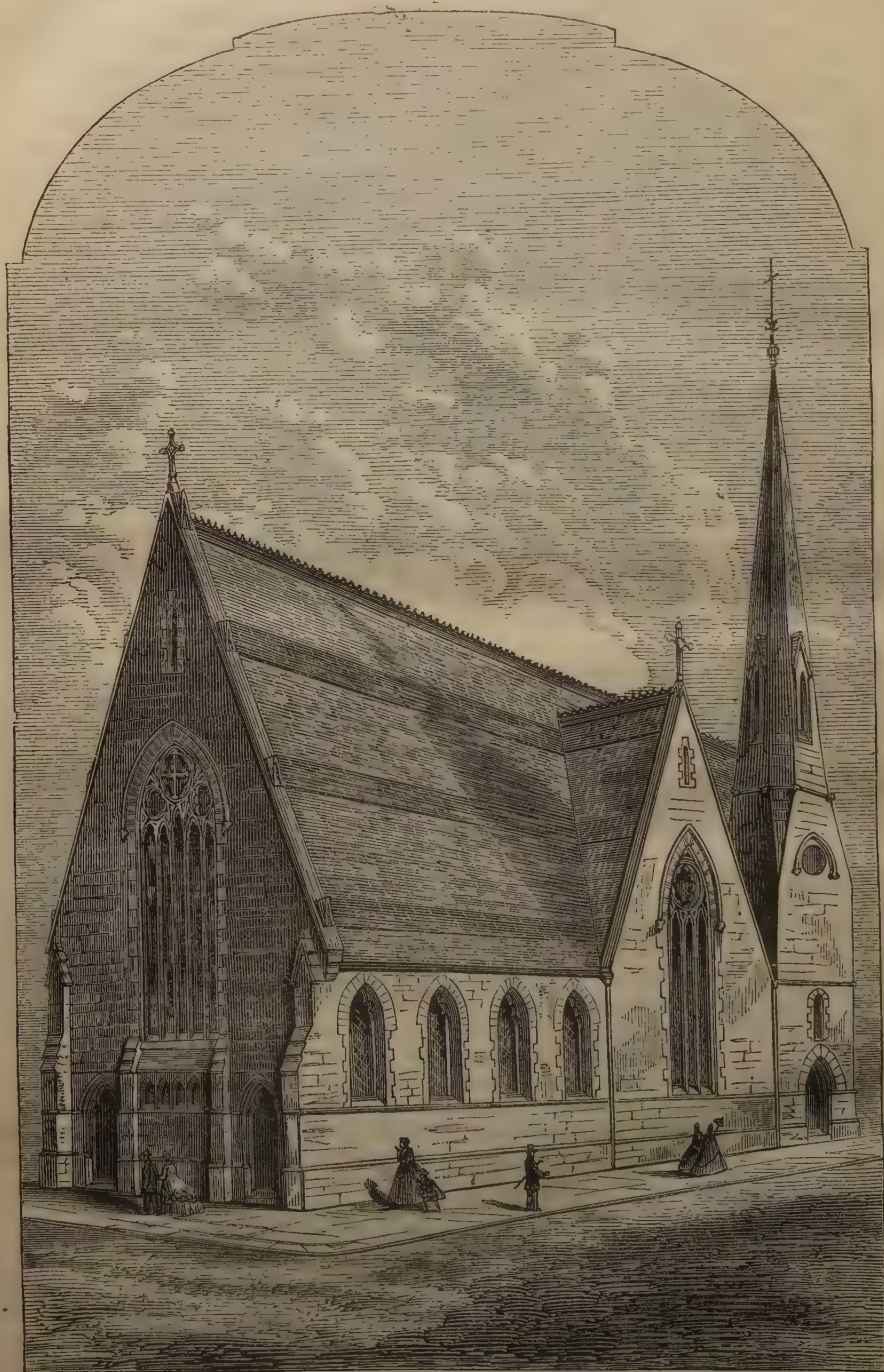
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CHRIST CHURCH, DEVONPORT.

- CHRIST CHURCH, DEVONPORT.

THE town of Devonport, the site of a very extensive dockyard, steam factory and arsenal, has a population exceeding 50,000 souls. It forms an important part of a district comprising 130,000 inhabitants, and presents a wide and encouraging field for the dissemination of the doctrines of a liberal and rational Christianity.

The history of Unitarianism in Devonport has, however, been that of fluctuation and vicissitude. The public profession of Unitarian truth there dates back nearly a hundred years. In 1790, through the exertions of the Rev. Thomas Porter, then minister at Plymouth, the erection of a commodious chapel was commenced. It was completed the following year, when the venerable Dr. Toulmin preached the opening discourse, and the Rev. John Kentish was appointed minister. A respectable congregation was brought together, chiefly consisting of persons connected with the Government establishments, and for a time everything appeared to augur well for the future. But the spirit of religious bigotry and persecution, the spirit of religious and political proscription which had arisen elsewhere, extended to Plymouth Dock, as the town was then called. It was considered that a Unitarian in religion could not be loyal as a citizen. Members of the chapel connected with the public services had to make their choice between loss of employment and suppression of their religious convictions, or at least of the open avowal of them. Thus they withdrew from the society, and others engaged in professions and trade followed their example, rather than subject themselves to suspicion and avoidance. The congregation consequently dwindled to a few persons, and, pressed by the mortgagees, the trustees resolved, in 1806, to sell the chapel. The cause was practically abandoned. Some years afterwards, however, one or two earnest men who held the principles of pure and scriptural Christianity, restored the public profession of the truth. Their leader in this work was Mr. Silvanus Gibbs, the memory of whose self-denying steadfastness has been as inspiring as his personal ministrations were influential. Mr. Gibbs preached

his first sermon in a school-room at the back of George Street, on the 11th of January, 1818, and he did not altogether cease from his labours until compelled by the infirmities of age to relinquish them in 1847, eighteen years after a new chapel had been built, in a great measure by the manual assistance of the members. "I have before me," said Sir John Bowring, writing to the editor of the *Monthly Repository* in 1829, "a list of those who contributed by their labour to build the new chapel. Preserve it, Sir; and their children and children's children may point to your pages with pride, and say, My ancestor is recorded there." That chapel was never closed for a single Sunday, except during necessary repairs, &c., although for about twenty-four years the services were conducted by lay unpaid agency, sustained in unvarying hope that through God's blessing the cause would one day be found abundantly to prosper.

And it has come so to pass. Various ministers—among whom were the Rev. J. Kendall, the Rev. J. Forrest, the Rev. J. Crawford Woods, the Rev. W. Stevens and the Rev. J. Phillips—officiated at different times, grants having been made for the purpose by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and the Western Unitarian Christian Union, the Committees of which never abated either in hope or liberality. The good seed was cast upon the waters.

In 1862, the Rev. James Kay Applebee was unanimously elected minister of the Devonport society, and his extremely eloquent and original discourses soon gathered together a very large congregation. The Committee then felt that the time had arrived for firmly establishing Unitarianism in Devonport. Their chapel, small, ill situated and unattractive, was unsuited to that purpose. They therefore obtained probably the best site in the town for a new church, resolved to sell the old chapel, contributed about £500 (including their available resources) to start with, and appealed for such assistance as the Unitarian public interested in the history of the Devonport cause might be disposed to render. They received aid amounting to about £480, and vigorously addressed themselves to the work they had at heart.

Christ Church, Devonport (an engraving)

ing of which heads this article), was opened in Nov. 1864. Thus, mainly through the popular, able and laborious ministration of Mr. Applebee, Unitarianism, revived by Mr. Gibbs, has become very prosperous in that town. Of Mr. Gibbs it may be said, in the words of Isaiah, "And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places. Thou shalt raise up the foundation of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in." Those to whom Mr. Gibbs was personally known have just placed in the church a beautiful memorial window, that the recollection of him and of his labours may not die out in the congregation.

The church, which is exceedingly handsome, will seat 480 persons, and should an end gallery be erected, for which provision has been made, 600 persons. It is built in the style of the early period of decorated Gothic, and consists of a nave and chancel 81 feet in length, with transept, containing an organ-loft on the west side, with tower and spire at the N.E. angle rising to the height of nearly 80 feet. The principal external features of the building are the great south and east windows of very striking character, each 25 feet in height. The former has been filled with coloured glass of extremely rich, harmonious and beautiful design. There are also two coloured windows on the eastern side, one the memorial window to which we have already referred. The other is the recent gift of Sir Edward St. Aubyn, Bart., the Lord of the Manor, himself a member of the Church of England. Referring to the interior, the seats are "open," and formed of stained and varnished wood. They are all cushioned, with crimson moreen. At the angles of the chancel arch, which is of admirable proportions, are placed the reading-desk of carved wood, and a carved pulpit of Caen stone, supported by shafts of polished marble. The main roof of the church is supported by massive arched timber trusses, resting on polished marble shafts of different colours, terminating in corbels of stone, very finely carved, and also of varied designs. The floor of the chancel (which is raised two steps) and the aisles are laid with encaustic tiles of rich pattern, and against the end wall

of the chancel is an arcaded reredos, formed of Caen stone, having beautifully carved finials and corbels and polished shafts of black marble. Just within the principal entrances there is a stone and marble font, upon which it is intended to cut the text, "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all." The velvet fall from the pulpit has the motto, "God is Love;" that from the reading-nesk, "God heareth." The communion-table is covered with crimson velvet, having a gold cross in front. Approached from the chancel there is a minister's vestry, and over that a library. The church is lighted by handsome triple-light gas standards of polished brass.

The architect is Alfred Norman, Esq., of Devonport, who gave his services gratuitously, and contributed £50 towards the expense of the erection, which, including cost of ground, new organ and fitments, was about £2250. The zeal of the people has been such that only a comparatively small debt remains on the building.

The congregation entertain the steadfast hope of erecting a building for Sunday and day schools, for which they possess the right of refusal of a site adjoining the church.

ODE.

BY SAMUEL WESLEY.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to
grant,
Is a mind independent and free.
By passion unruffled, untainted by pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply
supplied,
And the rest are but folly and care.
Those blessings which Providence kindly
has lent,
I will justly and gratefully prize;
While sweet meditation and cheerful
content
Shall make me both healthy and wise.
How vainly through infinite trouble and
strife
The many their labours employ;
When that which is truly delightful in
life
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy!

MRS. GASKELL.

"THE chapel stood on the outskirts of the town, almost in the fields, and had a picturesque and old-world look; for luckily the congregation had been too poor to rebuild it in George the Third's time. The staircases which led to the galleries were outside, at each end of the building, and the irregular roof and worn stone steps looked grey and stained by time and weather. The grassy hillocks, each with a little upright headstone, were shaded by a grand old wych-elm. A lilac-bush or two, a white rose-tree and a few laburnums, all old and gnarled enough, were planted round the chapel-yard." Such and so beautiful is the place, described by herself in *Ruth*, where now peacefully rests all that was mortal of Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell. Twelve months have rapidly flown by since we were all shocked with the "startling intelligence that the subject of this short memoir, while in the full enjoyment of health, and in the midst of a literary career successful beyond most of the age, was suddenly struck down by death and sent to a premature grave. As the 12th of November again comes round, we remember the sad event, and in fancy take a pilgrimage to the quaint old chapel at Knutsford, and sit under that same "grand old wych-elm," where we have often stood impressed and subdued by the calm beauty of the spot, while we pen a few lines for our readers.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson (Stevenson was Mrs. Gaskell's maiden name) was born at Chelsea about the year 1810. Her mother dying and leaving her an infant, she was adopted by her aunt, and removed to the quiet little town of Knutsford, Cheshire. In this secluded spot she was brought up amongst such simple, unsophisticated and good people as she afterwards so graphically and delightfully described in *Cranford*. All her relations on her mother's side were stanch Presbyterians, and regularly attended the quaint old chapel in Brook Street. She was trained up to the same faith, and while yet young in years she manifested those good qualities of heart which afterwards endeared her to all who knew her. At an early period of her life she became a teacher in the Sunday-school, and there

yet remains many a village girl now grown up to womanly estate who can say her first religious impressions were given her by the authoress of *Mary Barton*, and can tell how at the close of the afternoon school her hand plucked many a white rose and bunch of lilac from the bushes in that quiet grave-yard for her little friends. Might it not be said also that it was here and amongst these simple country children that she received her first lessons in the art of reading common, every-day characters which is so distinguishing a feature in her most successful writings? It was whilst she was in the midst of these humble but honourable duties that she was married to the Rev. W. Gaskell, then, and we are happy to say still, one of the ministers of Cross-Street Chapel, Manchester. In her new sphere she had new duties, which did not, however, wholly prevent her from taking part in many schemes of usefulness. She had always a deep and warm sympathy for the poor and suffering, and, when her other duties would permit her, visited freely amongst them. She entered into their trials and hardships as one who felt them keenly, and was always ready to help in any endeavour to mitigate them. Mr. Thomas Wright, well known all over England for his unceasing and noble efforts to find work for discharged prisoners, admitted that "he always looked to her as one of his most cordial and reliable helpers." She took much interest in the education of the poor, and for several years she had a number of the young women connected with the Lower Mosley-Street school up at her own house on Sunday afternoons, when, as the writer of a short memoir which appeared in the *Unitarian Herald* for Nov. 17, 1865, says, "she read and talked with them, and, as one of these old pupils expressed it, 'seemed to divine what was in our hearts before we spoke it.'" At the time when the cotton famine brought such distress to the poor and stirred the heart of the whole nation, Mrs. Gaskell was amongst the first and foremost in every plan set on foot to administer relief and befriend the sufferers. She threw her whole soul into the establishment and carrying on of schools for teaching reading and sewing to the poor factory girls of Manchester, and did much by her

influence and example to help many a family, which else would have been wrecked, to tide over that sad and perilous time.

Hitherto, however, we have said nothing about those things which have made the name of Mrs. Gaskell a household word in the mouth of thousands of persons who have never heard of the labours and excellent qualities which we have just briefly noticed. It is as a writer she is best known, and as a writer of novels of a certain class that she will always occupy a high position. Possessed of great dramatic power, deep pathos, tenderness and force to individualize her characters, she might have won fame in any other class of fiction; but it redounds to her honour that she mostly, if not always, devoted her talents to the portrayal of humble life, and exerted her power to enforce the nobility and to shew the beauty in that life of individual duty. It is said that she first took to writing to draw her mind from the great grief she felt at the loss of her only son. If this be true, it is only another instance of the sterling worth of works produced in the fiery furnace of affliction. The work now written, "*Mary Barton*," was published anonymously, some of her own family knowing nothing about it; but it immediately excited the admiration and surprise of all the reading world by the boldness with which social subjects of great difficulty were handled, and by the earnest sympathy manifested towards poor factory-workers. It soon became known who wrote the book, and Mrs. Gaskell's fame as a novelist of the first class since the time of Miss Austen was at once established. Other works followed at intervals, but all more or less devoted to the elucidation of problems which grew out of poverty, united with strong affection, and of the evils to which the struggling poor were subjected. After *Mary Barton* appeared *Ruth*, *Cranford*, *Sylvia's Lovers*, *North and South*, *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, &c., and *Wives and Daughters*, which was in course of publication when the useful and beautiful life of the authoress was brought to an untimely end. During the great struggle between the States of North and South in America, she shewed a lively interest in the cause of the former, and one of her

last papers was an article in "Macmillan's Magazine" on the death of Col. Shaw.

It was while she was staying at Alton, in Hampshire, engaged in writing *Wives and Daughters*, that her death suddenly occurred. She was in the midst of pleasant conversation with her daughters, having appeared remarkably well all day, on Sunday evening, Nov. 12, 1865, when her Lord and Master bade her join His greater family above, and in a few hours she was no more. In *Mary Barton* there is a verse heading a chapter, singularly appropriate to her end:

But when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another dawn than ours.

ECCE HOMO.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CODE OF MORALITY.

THE following digest of several leading chapters of "*Ecce Homo*," may be acceptable to our readers, as conveying a general idea of the mode in which the author of that remarkable book treats the work of Christ, and the nature and design of his heavenly kingdom.

If we search for the laws of the Christian Commonwealth, we find really no general system or code of laws, but the Christian a law unto himself.

Certainly Jesus in his public discourses and familiar conversations gave a few general commands and prohibitions; but on the greater number of questions on which men require guidance he has left no directions whatever.

If men, instead of acting under direction by a set of rules and ordinances, could be made a law unto themselves, their morality would certainly be of a higher and more vital order. This was Christ's mode—to make the tree healthy, holding that a good tree cannot bring forth other than wholesome fruit. Every member of his heavenly kingdom was to be divinely inspired, even as himself, by the enthusiasm or passion of humanity, roused to a high energy by the contemplation of his character and the society of brother enthusiasts.

The philosophers had had a similar idea as to the best foundation of morality, viz. in the heart and will, only they placed the law-making power in reason,

in a calm, composed serenity of mind—he in an ardent, passionate, devoted state of mind—not calm and tranquil and impartial, but active and enthusiastic, exceeding rule and duty and outstripping requirement.

Milton laughed at the poet who required to count his syllables, instead of having the true instinctive rhythm within his own soul. So the divine spirit of purity and holiness and love in the soul of Christ, and of his disciples inoculated from him, revealed to him and to them all mysteries of purity and goodness.

Christ spoke with reverence of the Jewish Scriptures, seemed to have them familiarly in his thoughts, and never called in question the Jewish view of them, but was still critical, and gave bold and free interpretations of them. His real opinion seemed to be, that although the laws of Moses were divine, they were yet incomplete and fast becoming obsolete.

Divine laws were suited to hard-hearted people. Oaths and retaliation and private revenge he repudiated. So Christ found the Mosaic law divine, yet meagre and imperfect, fitted to those rude clans who listened with awe to Moses in the Arabian desert, but not for the civilized Jews of the reign of Tiberius.

The best men in early times were rude and hard-hearted, like Achilles brutally trailing Hector's dead body round Troy. Such men could hardly understand self-restraint, were always prepared for an enemy, self-preservation urging this enemy's destruction. These men would wonder at being commanded not to covet their neighbour's wife or goods, not to steal, kill or bear false witness.

Such precepts were unsatisfactory to an early Christian. The simplest disciples had advanced beyond that, and found Deuteronomy and Isaiah narrow and insufficient.

The Jewish law they regarded critically, as something apart from them; they independent of it, possessed of something better, more perfect and complete.

This mode of dealing would shock people who thought that human reason was not to be trusted, but that definite

rules of action were essential; but the inspired law-making power of Christ and his followers gave them courage to shake themselves free from the fetters of even a divine law—to hold it divine and yet not authoritative to them.

The philosophers taught the control of the anarchic or lower desires; a good man was to be incapable of crime because resolved to be virtuous. Christ teaches that, possessing the enthusiasm for virtue within the soul, the unlawful appetite is destroyed; the evil desire is not felt. The syren voice of temptation was unheard, lost in the diviner melody of their own purified hearts. His disciples rose above virtue to a higher state, holiness. Of what nature is this state? It was a passion which should include the whole human race. But not Jacobinism, which would for the supposed good of the whole—or Benthamism, "the greatest happiness to the greatest number," trample on private rights and ignore the welfare of individuals. They were to love God with all their heart, and their neighbour as themselves. And the maxim according to this law of feeling is, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

Here is the one great commandment of the Christian, which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all others, and makes the enumeration of all other moral duties superfluous. Fancy a disciple whose whole heart and moral being were saturated and imbued with this divine principle and rule of action, could he re-visit earth at this present day, seeing nothing of the gospel, yet the Ten Commandments of Moses written up in our churches, as if we were still rude, semi-savage Jews, dwelling in tents in the wilderness round Mount Sinai. This enthusiasm of humanity is included in the divine word "charity;" and the first method of training the passion was the making it a point of duty to feel it even towards enemies. This feeling must arise naturally: we are to break through the story crust which has petrified our natural heart of flesh, abjure our low suspicions and false opinions of human nature, adopt a new plan of life for ourselves, be true, friendly, open and kind. We are not to count as our natural enemies, as amenable to our hatred and injury,

those who live on the opposite bank of a river, nor suppose that those who are talking together in a foreign tongue are plotting mischief against us.

But can we love all?—love men whose characters are hateful to us? Even these we are to love, and reverence *humanity* in man, the race in the individual. Towards every fellow-being as such there is to be a yearning of kindness, not dependent on his particular character.

No one could more feel the degradation of sin, or be more pained by faults and deficiencies, than Jesus, and yet he could associate with sinners, treat them with tenderness and respect. When the woman taken in adultery was brought before him, her shame and sin blazed out open-mouthed; he was seized with a burning and intolerable sense of shame—shame for the poor degraded sin and conscience stricken woman—shame for her accusers, merciless, malicious, hypocritical. Did any one in that assembly feel a greater loathing and hatred of sin than he?—feel with keener acuteness the fallen humanity which it was the mission of his life to elevate? And yet to the sinner his voice and tone are love, forgiveness and encouragement.

An eternal glory has been shed upon the human race by the love Christ bore it, and the kernel of the Christian moral scheme is to love the Christ in every man.

The theory of Christ's moral code was, that he who could be brought to feel sympathy for all, would behave rightly to all. How make them capable of this universal sympathy? By binding them fast to himself; and as love provokes love, so by loving him with an unspeakable affection, an absorbing enthusiasm and veneration, the feeling carries with it of necessity love for all human beings. As brothers of Christ, all men belong to a sacred and consecrated band. Those who were the objects of his love in life and in death, must be dear to all to whom he is dear; and however marred and soiled his image may appear in them, they are still to be thought of with awful reverence and love. "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it to me."

Christ raised the feeling of humanity from a feeble restraint to an inspiring

passion, a grand impelling motive-power—instead of prohibitions against, imperial commands to do. The negative, "Thou shalt not," became positive, "Thou shalt." The young man who had kept the whole law of refraining to do bad actions, is now commanded to do good actions.

Moses denounced vengeful justice on the soul which had committed actual sin; Christ's condemnation is on those who had not done good: "Inasmuch as ye did it *not*," &c.

The priest and Levite did no harm to the poor robbed and wounded man lying bleeding, naked and senseless by the wayside; they only passed by on the other side. No ill is recorded of Dives; only the miserable Lazarus lay uncared for at his gate. He is absolutely a wicked servant who only hides his talent in a napkin; an unprofitable one who only does his duty.

The first disciples were not to wait till all, or a majority, or a considerable number of men were of these views, but were themselves to practise them immediately—were to disarm themselves at once—to be forthwith as sheep in the midst of wolves—to resent no injuries, to return good for evil. Whilst abnegating self, being humble and unobtrusive, praying and giving alms in secret, they were yet to be possessed of such fire and energy of goodness, that their virtue would be conspicuous and unmistakable, as a city set on a hill, or a light on a candlestick which cannot be hid.

This enthusiasm of humanity was with Christ the one grand test and qualification for being members of his heavenly kingdom. They were to forsake father and mother, wife and brethren—were to hate their own lives—let a world dead in trespasses and sins bury its own dead—leave all and follow him.

The strong man armed, as the lower, anarchic passions of human nature, keeps secure possession till a stronger than he comes, takes the house by storm, and expels, stamps out that other. And this stronger one must keep an ever armed, ever vigilant possession; there must be no relaxing grasp, no temporary desertion, otherwise the original demon will return and bring congenial guests with him.

Paul thought this enthusiastic condition of mind so essential to a Christian, that he was amazed when some professed converts said they had not even heard of this divine inspiration. And beyond all precept was Christ's example. His disciples could thoroughly believe in the practicability and safety of the new pathway, when with their own eyes they saw him, their dear Friend, their revered Master, treading it—treading it with such grandeur and dignity, such humility and ease. To all contemners of our race, to all blasphemers against the holy spirit made manifest in humanity, the best consolation, the proudest answer ever is, that a human brain was behind his divinely-lit countenance—a human heart beat in his tender bosom. And within the whole creation of God, nothing more elevated or more attractive has yet been found; and we may surely prophesy that through the rolling ages, advance as man may in goodness and in knowledge, he ever yet shall stand alone. And yet he wished humanity to be measured by his stature—loved to call himself the Son of Man—became a minister to his disciples—counted the meanest his brethren—could hardly find language powerful enough to express his idea of the thorough union which should subsist between him and them. They were to “eat his very flesh, drink his very blood;” and in such grand communion with him they were to be united with each other—one church, one great high-priest, one fold, one shepherd.

Scholasticism has obscured Christ's character, made it less attractive, less loveable. Instead of the burning sympathy, the more than brotherly affection, which he yearned for and sought to inspire in his own friends, there obtains a fear for his supernatural greatness—a disposition to obey his commands for fear of punishment or hope of reward. What is wanted, and which he held to be all in all, the savour in the salt, is spontaneous warmth, free and generous devotion.

Christ's ideal is a right state of mind—all practical good will flow therefrom. Born again to an inspired enthusiasm of feeling, there will be consistent and harmonious conduct. Hence his own conduct. Instead of being a greatly magnified Wesley, or Whitfield, or Spur-

geon, continually gathering great crowds, and with that high moral wisdom and ascendancy which more than miracles was his divinest power, discoursing of life and duty, holiness and piety, lo! what time he spent with individuals in healing and in social converse! He went about doing good. The wise according to this world's wisdom might sneer at a Prophet whose great business was to establish his new faith, wasting time talking to a common Samaritan woman by a wayside well, assisting at marriage festivities, bringing back to life a widow's son; but wise words seconded and grew out of beneficent acts. He practised his own principle, that the welfare of others should not be a law merely restraining from evil, but the most powerful motive of action.

His disciples felt the old rules and maxims die into a higher and larger life. They had not to learn in detail an enumerated list of bad actions; they were not to do beggarly elements of the old morality; but their new instinct and enthusiasm taught them a morality of ampler compass. The new continent of Charity was discovered; the herald angels' song of “glory to God—to men,” was now found capable of amplest realization. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!

Hull. D. M.

MY NELLIE.

You never heard her slam the door,
Nor cups and saucers clash,
Nor throw-up with an angry jerk,
The sliding window-sash.

You never saw her fling a book
With force upon the ground;
And rush with bonnet by the string,
And ringlets all unbound.

You never heard impetuous words
Of anger from her lips,
Nor felt the sting of furious blows
Drop from her finger-tips.

And would you know the reason why?
She is a Christian child,
And knows if she would please the Lord,
She must be meek and mild.

Sweet gentle words she always speaks,
And gentle are her ways;
O, beautiful my Nellie is,
And happy all her days!

THE ONE-EYED SERVANT.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Do you see those two pretty cottages on opposite sides of the common? How bright their windows are, and how pretty the vines trail over them! A year ago one of them was the dirtiest and most forlorn-looking place you can imagine, and its mistress the most untidy.

She was sitting at her cottage, with her arms folded, as if she were in deep thought, though to look at her face one would not have supposed she was doing more than idly watching the swallows as they floated about in the hot clear air. Her gown was torn and shabby, her shoes down at the heels; the little curtain in her casement, which had once been white and fresh, had a great rent in it; and altogether she looked poor and forlorn.

She sat some time, gazing across the common, when all of a sudden she heard a little noise, like stitching, near the ground. She looked down, and sitting on the border, under a wallflower bush, she saw the funniest little man possible, with a blue coat, a yellow waistcoat and red boots; he had got a small shoe in his lap, and was stitching away at it with all might.

"Good morning, mistress!" said the little man. "A very fine day. Why may you be looking so earnestly across the common?"

"I was looking at my neighbour's cottage," said the young woman.

"What! Tom the gardener's wife? Little Polly she used to be called; and a very pretty cottage it is too! Looks thriving, doesn't it?"

"She always was lucky," said Bella (for that was the young woman's name); and her husband is always good to her."

"They were both good husbands at first," interrupted the little cobbler without stopping. "Reach me my awl, mistress, will you?—you seem to have nothing to do; it lies close by your foot."

"Well, I can't say but they were both very good husbands at first," replied Bella, reaching the awl, with a sigh; "but mine has changed for the worse, and hers for the better; and then how she thrives! Only to think of our being married on the same day; and now I have nothing, and she has two pigs and a—"

"And a lot of flax she had spun in the winter," interrupted the cobbler; "and a Sunday gown, as good green stuff as was ever seen, and, to my knowledge, a handsome silk handkerchief for an apron, and a red waistcoat for her good man, with three rows of blue glass buttons, and a fitch of bacon in the chimney, and a rope of onions."

"O, she is a lucky woman!" exclaimed Bella.

"Ah, and a tea-tray with Daniel in the lions' den upon it," continued the cobbler; "and a fat baby in the cradle."

"Oh, I am sure I don't envy her the last," said Bella pettishly. "I have little enough for myself and husband, letting alone children."

"Why, mistress, isn't your husband in work?" asked the cobbler.

"Oh, he's at the ale-house."

"Why, how's that? he used to be very sober. Can't he get work?"

"His last master wouldn't keep him because he was so shabby."

"Humph!" said the little man. "He's a groom, is he not? Well, as I was saying, your neighbour opposite thrives wonderfully; but no wonder. Well, I've nothing to do with other people's secrets, but I *could* tell you, only I'm busy, and must go."

"Could tell me what?" cried the young wife. "O, good cobbler, don't go, for I've nothing to do. Pray tell me *why* it is no wonder she should thrive."

"Well," said he, "it's no business of mine, you know; but, as I said before, it's no wonder people thrive who have a servant—a hard-working one too, who is always helping them."

"A servant!" repeated Bella; "my neighbour has a servant! No wonder, then, everything looks neat about her; but I never saw this servant. I think you must be mistaken; besides, how could she afford to pay her wages?"

"She has a servant, I say," repeated the cobbler—"a one-eyed servant; but she pays her no wages, to my certain knowledge. Well, good morning, mistress; I must go."

"Do stay one minute," cried Bella, urgently: "where did she get this servant?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the cobbler; "servants are plentiful enough, and Polly uses hers well, I can tell you."

"What does she do for her?"

"Do for her! Why, all sorts of things. I think she is the cause of her prosperity. To my knowledge, she never refuses to do anything, keeps Tom's and Polly's clothes in beautiful order, and the baby's."

"Dear me!" said Bella, in an envious tone, holding up both hands; "well, she is a lucky woman, and I always said so. She takes good care that I shall never see her servant. What sort of a servant is she, and how came she to have but one eye?"

"It runs in her family," replied the cobbler, stitching busily; "they are all so—one eye apiece; yet they make very good use of it, and Polly's servant has four cousins who are blind—stone-blind, no eyes at all, and they sometimes come and help her. I've seen them in the cottage myself, and that's how Polly gets a good deal of her money. They work for her, and she takes what they make to market, and buys all those handsome things."

"Only think," said Bella, almost ready to cry with vexation, "and I've not got a soul to do anything for me; how hard it is!" and she took her apron to wipe away her tears.

The cobbler looked attentively at her. "Well, you are to be pitied, certainly," he said, "and if I were not in such a hurry——"

"O, do go on, pray—were you going to say you could help me? I have heard your people are fond of curds and whey and fresh gooseberry syllabub. Now, if you would help me, trust me that there should be the most beautiful curds and whey set every night for you on the hearth; and nobody should look when you went and came."

"Why, you see," said the cobbler, hesitating, "my people are extremely particular about—in short, about cleanliness, mistress; and your house is not what one would call very clean. No offence, I hope?"

Bella blushed deeply. "Well, but it should be always clean if you would—every day of my life I would wash the floor, and sand it, and the hearth should be whitewashed as white as snow, and the windows cleaned."

"Well," said the cobbler, seeming to

consider—"well, then, I should not wonder if I could meet with a one-eyed servant for you, like your neighbour's; but it may be several days before I eat; and mind, mistress, I'm to have a dish of curds."

"Yes, and some whipped cream too," replied Bella, full of joy.

The cobbler took up his tools, wrapped them in his leather apron, walked behind the wallflower and disappeared.

Bella was so delighted, she could not sleep that night for joy. Her husband scarcely knew the house, she had made it so bright and clean; and by night she had washed the curtain, rubbed the fire-irons, sanded the floor, and set a great jug of hawthorn in blossom on the hearth.

The next morning Bella kept a sharp look-out, both for the tiny cobbler and on her neighbour's house to see if she could possibly catch a glimpse of the one-eyed servant. But no—nothing could she see but her neighbour sitting in her rocking chair, with her baby on her knee, working.

At last, when she was quite tired; she heard the voice of the cobbler outside. She ran to the door and cried out,

"O do pray come in, sir; only look at my house!"

"Really," said the cobbler, looking around, "I declare I should hardly have known it—the sun can shine brightly now through the clear glass; and what a sweet smell of hawthorn!"

"Well, my one-eyed servant?" asked Bella—"you remember, I hope, that I can't pay her any wages—have you met with any one that will come?"

"All's right," replied the little man, nodding. "I've got her with me."

"Got her with you!" repeated Bella, looking round; "I see nobody."

"Look, here she is!" said the cobbler, holding up something in his hand.

Would you believe it?—the one-eyed servant was nothing but a Needle!

WOMAN'S TRIALS AND A HINT TO MEN-FOLKS.

Do ever men-folks think how much work they make a woman by coming into a house with muddy boots? It would take but a moment for them to use the scraper and leave outside the house the

dirt which they track over the floor, oil-cloth and carpet, or which they leave on the stove hearth or fender—all of which must be mopped, cleaned, scraped and wiped off. If your wife, mother or sister fail to clean up the muss you great big boy or man have made, what a howl you raise because things about "the house look so like a sin!" And when you go home at noon or night, do you ever notice how you act? Of course not, or would you do such careless tricks?—You enter the door with a slam—it closes half, and some woman must shut it after you. Your overcoat is thrown on a chair in one corner of the room—your hat sails away into another corner to light upon a stand, or under it—gloves are thrown on a table—neck-wrapper hung upon the first handy chair, and down you sit in the centre of the room, where every one must navigate around you. After you have been two hours in a house, the place resembles the grounds of a cat-fight. Hat, boots, coat, newspapers, overcoat, gloves, books, jack-knife, hat-brush, and all articles you may have in your hands, are scattered about as though a hurricane had swept through the room. Books, papers, magazines, almanac and memorandum book, are routed from their place. And when you want to leave, what a time is there! No one knows where your things are. "Where is my hat?" "Where is my overcoat?" "Who had my gloves?" Every one in the house is put upon the witness-stand, and it is more trouble to get you started down town than to launch a steamer or to start a new stage-coach. Then after you are gone, the woman must spend a quarter of a day, more or less, in picking up things which you have scattered. The trouble is, you don't think. It would take you but a moment to hang up your coat and hat—to put your gloves in your coat pocket—to draw your neck-wrapper through the sleeve of your overcoat, and to cultivate your bump of order. It takes but a moment to put an article in its place, and then it can be found. The woman who takes care of the house has enough to do without following after her liege lord and waiting upon a lot of men all day. A woman's work is never finished. You expect her to keep the house neat and tidy. If it is not so, you

run to a saloon. You expect her hair to be always smooth—her dress always in order—her stockings always neat—your clothes always in order—the dust swept from its thousand gathering places—something good to eat three times a day besides lunches, and her to be as neat and attractive as she was the night you popped the question. How can she be all this, if she has to spend half her time picking up what you throw down? If your wife, mother or sister be neat, you should be. If not, teach her neatness by good examples. We print this little chapter in hopes that it will make some men who read it a little more thoughtful and neat, and that it may help those who never have too much help.

THE REWARD OF LOVE.

THERE is an old legend of one who sighed and wept bitter tears of reproach and agony that his love for the Saviour was tepid and tame. The ecstatic fervour of the devotees he longed for, but, alas! could not gain; and he feared that he was reprobate. As he lay bemoaning his wretched condition by the wayside, one day, a poor, wretched-looking man approached him, and in a voice of mingled tenderness and suppliancy asked for food. The would-be saint arose and prepared a hasty but savoury meal for the stranger; more than this, he asked the story of his life, and was profoundly moved at his sorrowful tale. He asked the beggar to share his lowly lot, and brought a better raiment for him, and water, and washed his soiled and bloody feet. The beggar smiled, and shewed a truly noble as well as grateful aspect, when washed and habited anew he stepped forth from the door. He stayed a while and won the heart of his host, who forgot his discontent in offices of hospitality and affection. But at last the stranger took his host's silver cup and crucifix and stole away. The good man was angry at first, but at last his love overcame his anger, and for very friendship he forgave the wrong unasked, and longed to throw himself upon his sinning brother's neck and tell him he was forgiven. He repaired to the village to procure a new cup and cross, when he saw a crowd jeering and throwing stones

at some poor wretch who had been arrested for a crime, and was being hurried to prison; alas, it was his former guest. What could he do? He rushed between the rabble and the prisoner, besought his release, which was roughly refused; then he pressed on to comfort the wretched convict, until at last, refusing to be separated from him, the prison door shut them both in together. There he gave himself up to friendly offices, even offering to exchange garments with the accused, that he might escape while himself should suffer in his stead. But lo, as he looked up in the prisoner's face, there was a change marvellous to behold; for, soiled, stained, wretched no longer, the prisoner's face shone like that of an angel, and with a voice of sweetest music he said to his bewildered friend: "I am the Christ; a beggar, you received me; hungry, you fed me; a stranger, you took me in; friendless, you loved me; a thief, you forgave me; a prisoner, you shared my cell, and propose to suffer for me; you loved me in loving the lowliest and the least. Go thy way in peace. Cup and crucifix he needs no longer who has found and loved his Lord."

Simple is the legend, but the lesson is deep and needed. We have yet to learn that he loves Christ most who most loves what is Christ-like in those he knows; and whoever loves the pure and true and good, loveth God, even though he know it not. Better, a thousand times better, and more acceptable to God, is this indirect adoration, than the frigid homage of the lips, or the most imposing pageantries of worship.—*Christian Inquirer.*

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HARVEST.

With all their bright, ungathered wealth,
The plains of wheat, like golden seas,
Stretch out on either hand;
And, flooded with the mellow light,
Between, like shining emerald isles,
The wavy corn-fields stand.

The glad earth, with a mother's joy,
Sings softly in the summer's air

All day her happy song—
O sons of men, take up the theme,
And unto Him who gives the grain
The grateful sound prolong.

The men of Greece, in ancient days,
Their harvest gifts on Ceres' shrine
With willing hand paid down,
And for their goddess' shining brow
Wrought from their wreath of golden
grain

A more than golden crown.

The Hebrew reapers brought their fruit
First gathered from their thrifty fields,
And laid before their priest
A meet thank-offering to the Lord,
When they with hymns of gladness kept
Their Pentecostal feast.

And shall not we whom He hath blessed
With all the riches measureless

Of these fair harvest days,
The first fruits of the storehouse bring,
And to the "God of Harvests" sing
The glad songs of our praise?

And more there is for us to do
Than to God's treasury to give
The produce of our lands:—
To labour in His own broad fields
The Master Keeper calls to-day
For earnest hearts and hands.

What though the weary day be long,
As ever 'neath the burning sun

In careless toil ye bend?
The Master walks beside you still—
The "Angel of His presence" blest
Shall keep you to the end.

O faithful reapers, struggle on,
Still gathering golden grain for God,
Until 'neath Heaven's high dome,
With feet at rest and foreheads crowned,
Ye stand among the garnered sheaves
And shout your "Harvest Home."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

TRUE COURTESY.—Real courtesy is widely different from the courtesy which blooms only in the sunshine of love and the smile of beauty, and withers and cools down in the atmosphere of poverty, age and toil. Shew me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age; who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years has deprived of charms. Shew me the man of generous impulses, who is always ready to help the poor and needy. Shew me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress surrounded by the protection of rank, riches and family. Shew me the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as woman, in any condition or class; shew me such a man, and you shew me a gentleman—nay, you shew me better, you shew me a true Christian.

BE CLEAR.—The *Lancet* very sensibly recommends that physicians write their prescriptions in English instead of Latin. It would save a good many blunders and a good many lives.

AN ACTOR'S ADVICE TO A CLERGYMAN.—The celebrated Garrick, having been requested by Dr. Stonehouse to favour him with his opinion as to the manner in which a sermon ought to be delivered, the English Roscius sent him the following judicious answer:—"My dear Pupil: You know how you would feel and speak in the parlour concerning a friend who was in imminent danger of his life, and with what energetic pathos of diction and countenance you would enforce the observance of that which you really thought would be for his preservation. You would not think of playing the orator, or studying your emphasis, cadence or gesture; you would be yourself; and the interesting nature of your subject, impressing your heart, would furnish you with the most natural tone of voice, the most proper language, the most engaging feature, and the most suitable and graceful gestures. What you would thus be in the parlour, be in the pulpit, and you will not fail to please, to affect and profit. Adieu, my dear friend."

A GREAT TRUTH.—A writer in *Zion's Herald* reports a brother Cox as saying that he never saw any one attempting to explain the doctrine of the Trinity who was not afterwards ashamed of his efforts.

GOD ALMIGHTY NOT FORGIVEN.—Ebenezer Adams, the celebrated Quaker, on visiting a lady of rank, whom he found six months after the death of her husband sitting on a sofa covered with black cloth, and in all the dignity of woe, approached her with great solemnity, and gently taking her by the hand, thus accosted her: "So, friend, I see that thou hast not yet forgiven God Almighty." This seasonable reproof had such an effect upon the person to whom it was addressed, that she immediately laid aside her trappings of grief, and went about her necessary business and avocations.

HOME.—HOME! Who can sound a word whose vibrations on the heart are more melodious than this? O! how sorry I am for those who have no spot that is to them a home! Home! the centre of affections the deepest, of joy the freest, of action the noblest. Home, the sweet arbour of rest, within whose shady retreat repose refreshes us, and heaven's whisperings reach us. Home, from the altar of which arises our morning and our evening sacrifice, and our noonday aspiration. Home, the fort from which we step for conflict with the world. I'm going home, says the little child, and he runs most eagerly. I'm going home, says the maiden, and she smiles most sweetly. I'm going home, says the young man, and he steps most nobly. I'm going home, says the husband and father, and he feels most happy. I'm going home, says the wife and mother, and she thanks God! When do we most love to think of heaven? When we think of it as home. It shall be to us the home of homes—the home. *Agatha Ernest.*

REMARKABLE.—Rev. Mr. Muller, who claims to carry on an orphan asylum at Bristol by faith and prayer alone, says in his report for 1865, "Without any one having been personally applied to for anything by me, the sum of £212,872. 12s. 9d. has been given to me for the orphans, as the result of prayer to God."

YOU MEND, I'LL MEND.—Dr. Hickington, chaplain to Charles II., used to preach at the king's vices. This the king took to himself, and so one day he said, "Doctor, you and I ought to be better friends; give up being so sharp on me, and see if I don't mend on your hand." "Well, well," quoth the Doctor, "I will make it up with your Majesty on these terms—as you mend, I'll mend."

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